

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

## The Two Hundred Million Steal.

Water Commissioner Dalton, one of the promoters of the Ramapo job, estimates that a plant capable of delivering 600,000,000 gallons of water per day would cost from \$70,000,000 to \$100,000,000. It is certainly, then, a liberal estimate to put the cost of supplying 200,000,000 gallons, the amount the Ramapo Company offers to furnish, at \$50,000,000.

With a municipal guarantee of \$5,000,000 a year for forty years the Ramapo Company would have no trouble in borrowing \$50,000,000 at 4 per cent. Its interest charge at that rate would be \$2,000,000 a year. As it would have nothing to do but to let the water flow through its mains to the city, whose government would assume the entire cost of distribution, its operating expenses would be nominal. It would have at the very least \$2,500,000 a year clear profit above interest and all other costs. That would enable it to pay off its bonds in about fifteen years.

In fifteen years, then, the city of New York would pay for the plant and make a present of it to the Ramapo Company. For the remaining twenty-five years of the contract term it would hand over to the company \$5,000,000 a year, of which at least \$4,500,000 would be a clear gift. When the contract expired the city would have turned over to the corporation:

One complete water system, fully paid for.

A vast tract of land, enormously increased in value.

At least \$112,500,000 in cash.

In return it would have received nothing but some water that it could easily have for itself, since the company has nothing whatever to sell, and can obtain nothing except through the use of the city's money.

Here is work for the Mazet Committee.

When that body of able reformers began its investigations Mr. Moss indignantly denied that it was merely a cog in the Republican machine. When he was asked why he did not investigate Platt he said he would do it if Platt could be shown to have any connection with the government of the city of New York.

Well, here is a matter that affects the city of New York. Go ahead Mr. Moss. Don't be afraid if you find Thomas C. Platt, and Vice-President Hobart, and Tracy, Boardman and Platt, and Edward Lauterbach, and Fred Nixon and Clarence Lexow.

Show by what methods they have induced Tammany officials to try to rob New York for their benefit.

There seems to be a natural affinity between investigators and corporate jobs. Lexow and Ramapo—Mazet and Astoria Gas. It is all worth looking into.

Meanwhile the people of New York are pointing at these men and asking: "Have you changed your minds about piracy since Wednesday?"

MAURICE F. HOLAHAN.

W. DALTON.

JAMES KANE.

J. P. KEATING.

J. J. COOGAN.

L. F. HAFFEN.

### THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

It is intimated that the visit of President Roca, of Argentina, to Brazil may foreshadow the formation of a great Latin republic embracing the whole of South America. It is to be hoped that it may. There is no reason why South America should not be one of the great powers of the world instead of a bunch of weak ones. Only two languages are spoken extensively on the continent, and there is not sufficient difference between the Portuguese and Spanish stocks to make it impossible to bring them together satisfactorily under one federal government.

The South American Republic would have twice the area of the United States and over 40,000,000 inhabitants, which would make it rank in the matter of population above France or Italy. With the combined navies of Brazil, Argentina and Chili it would have a fleet that would give it a respectable standing among the naval powers of the world, and would make it impossible for any country to humiliate it by sending a squadron to collect damage claims from its custom houses.

Such a union would be a tremendous relief to us, for it would take off our hands most of the burden of the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine. And then in due time South America would be prepared to take her share in the great Western Republic that will eventually stretch from Cape Horn to the Arctic ice sheet.

### HAIR TO THE SHAMROCK.

America welcomes the Shamrock and wishes her a glorious time. We are willing to let her shoot across the finish line so close behind the Columbia that she can share in the cheers that will greet the victor.

Captain Hogarth, the Shamrock's skipper, said when he reached Quarantine: "I would advise you not to bet too heavily against us." That is right. Let us not bet against anybody. Let us race exclusively for fun and for glory, and then we shall have no ugly pecuniary element to mar the beauty of the contest.

If it were not for reluctance to spoil a virgin record we should almost be willing to let Sir Thomas Lipton take the Cup back with the nail right on the head. Let democrats

### AN ADMIRABLE INNOVATION.

Sheridan told him roughly to move on. The Italian in broken English tried to explain that he had a right there. The officer placed him under arrest and dragged him to the station house, abusing him all the way.

When the facts were told by several witnesses, who were so indignant at the man's arrest that they followed him to the station and then to the Jefferson Market Court, Magistrate Cornell dismissed the Italian, ordered a complaint of disorderly conduct made against the policeman, fined him \$10 and expressed the hope that the Police Commissioners would dismiss him from the force.

The action of Magistrate Cornell is most commendable. Overbearing, ill-tempered policemen are constantly imposing on inoffensive citizens. In every case of clubbing or abuse of a prisoner the offending officer should be fined. The Magistrates have it in their power at least to lessen the brutality of policemen, and they should follow the admirable example of Magistrate Cornell.

### A CLEAR-CUT VIEW OF THE TRUSTS.

Political conventions are not always philosophical in their statements, and this is why they often fail in proposing proper remedies. But there was one convention this week that was decidedly wide awake in its views about the trusts. It was the Democratic State Convention of Iowa. It said:

We view with alarm the multiplication of those combinations of capital, commonly known as trusts \* \* \* creating an industrial condition different from State socialism only in the respect, that under socialism benefits of production would go to all, while under the trust system they go to increase private fortunes.

We should congratulate the party that a Democratic State Convention has at this early stage record we should almost be willing to let Sir Thomas Lipton take the Cup back with the nail right on the head. Let democrats

ponder this statement and future Democratic conventions benefit by it.

But Republicans also should ponder over it, for after all they are as much interested in our country as Democrats.

There is not the least doubt that the trusts are heading us straight toward socialism. Of course it is all done unwittingly. The promoters of trusts and their stockholders who abdicate their powers of directing production in order to obtain assured profits, think only of their private interests, but nevertheless they are impotent tools in the hands of evolution.

### SAVAGERY IN RUSSIA.

An awful story of savage cruelty comes from St. Petersburg. Ten boys in an iron works in the Caucasus were accused of

stealing a sum of money that had been misused from the safe. The owners made no complaint to the police, but took the matter in their own hands.

They first imprisoned the boys for three days, without food, in the hope of extorting a confession from them. This plan having failed, a half dozen burly foremen stripped them and whipped them with sticks. Next they pierced their eyelids with needles, alternately beating their victims as they fell insensible.

As the boys still refused to admit their guilt, even under these diabolical tortures, some of their teeth were pulled out, their mouths were filled with large stones, the jaws being bound together by leather straps. The agony of the boys was so great that they finally confessed.

It is inconceivable that intelligent human beings would inflict such barbarous punishment on their fellow creatures. They have been reported to the authorities, and if they receive their deserts no sentence that may be inflicted can be too severe.

### A TYPICAL TRUST OPERATION.

The Continental Match Factory, located at Passaic, N. J., was until recently the property of Edwin Gould. It was valued at \$500,000, but as a competitive plant that might keep prices down its worth increased, and the Diamond Match Company bought it a short time ago for \$1,000,000.

The next step was the closing of the factory for good. Five hundred employees, three hundred of them girls, have been dismissed without warning.

This is the usual trust programme. Buy out competitors, reduce the output, and, being in control of the market, an advance in prices is the next step. Employees are not considered. They must be sacrificed that dividends can be paid on watered stocks.

And the public—that great lethargic public, bearing its burden so cheerfully—when will it awake to the injustice of these trusts, so destructive of individual effort and such a menace to the general good, and demand their regulation by State and nation?

THE CORONER'S JURY has returned a verdict, in the case of the Bridgeport trolley car disaster, finding the motorman guilty of criminal carelessness, and declaring that the street railway was very negligent. The vigorous prosecution of these offenders will be a lesson to reckless motormen everywhere, and it may be a warning to the corporations that seize public highways and make no adequate return for the privileges they enjoy. The Coroner's jury recommended that the Governor call a special session of the Legislature for the passage of necessary laws for the protection of the people, and urging many reforms, including inside and outside guard rails on all trolley car bridges, the licensing of motormen, the reduction of the number of working hours of conductors and motormen, and the appointment of a State Board to have control of the construction and operation of all trolley roads.

WE PRINT ON THIS PAGE a letter from Juan Patilla, of Ponce, Porto Rico. He fought against Spain in Cuba, and he wants to go to the Philippines and fight under the American flag. He seems to lack neither courage nor patriotism. In his willingness to shoulder a gun for his country he sets a pretty good example to some of the boys who have been United States citizens longer than he has.

### A Patriotic Porto Rican.

Editor of the New York Journal: I wish you would excuse me for taking the liberty of writing you these few lines, but I do so because I see all the good you Americans have done and are doing for my country. I am from Ponce, Porto Rico, and I would like to know through your wonderful newspaper if I and a Cuban friend of mine can join the American army as volunteers. We want to Cuba to fight last year during the war with Spain, and now we would like to go to fight in the Philippines for the American flag there, the same as we fought to free Cuba and my country, Porto Rico. Will you kindly let me know through your paper if we can serve under your American flag? If I don't join the army here, then I will go to Cuba and enlist there. I will make a last effort. I am a Journal reader. I wish I could read in the Morning Journal about this letter, and I wish the Journal and Dewey and Miles and all American patriots like the New York Journal three cheers, and say God bless the editor of the Journal, who has done so much good in behalf of our liberty in Porto Rico and in Cuba, too.

### A Point for the Mazetteers.

Editor of the New York Journal: A good deal of noise is being made now about the use of conduits for the transmission of electricity by the street railroad companies of New York City. Perhaps the decision in the case of Empire City Subway Company vs. Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad Company (87 Hun, 279) may be of interest to those who are making the greatest hole and cry on this subject. It was held in that case that a street surface railroad company lawfully using a cable for motive power in the city of New York may construct upon its roadbed and use an iron pipe containing electrical wires for use in signalling its power house in cases of accident. The logical deductions from this decision as to what further use may be made by the companies of these electrical wires are apparent to every one except Mazetteers.

### An Appreciative Reader.

Editor of the New York Journal: Your splendid article on Dreyfus has interested me very much as a Frenchman and a reader of your valuable paper since I am in the land of the free. By giving Clemenceau's and Rochefort's opinion you show your fair spirit. I appreciate your good editorials and I send my best congratulations to your distinguished editors.

ALEXANDRE JEAN BERNARD WEISS.  
No. 616 Fifth avenue.

# HOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S BES GIRL

GOSSIPS ABOUT SOUTHAMPTON.



A Champion Fifty-Cent "Smear" of Which the Chappies Fight Shy.

If all one hears be true—and I have it in a long letter from a best girl, who really finds time to write—then the name of "Little Newport," under which Southampton goes, is the worst sort of a libel.

Indeed, it seems possible that before many more seasons Newport may come to be called a lesser Southampton.

There is no end to the arrivals, the speers, the gossip and diversions now going on at Southampton, and all done in a most simple and kind-hearted way—especially the gossip.

Newport may have her town and country clubs, her Julia Ward Howe and French lectures, but for purely amateur literary endeavor there is no place on the coast, from Cape May to Bar Harbor, that can boast of such a wealth of talent as Southampton.

It does need inspiration, though, an example, a pattern, and such has been furnished by that perennial old beau, Peter Marie, Esq., who wrote sonnets to our grandmother's eyes, vers de société, on our mother's charms, and is still in the ring to-day making pretty rhymes about the girls of to-day.

When he turned up in Southampton the other day, every one knew that something would happen soon, and happen it did.

The wily old beau pretended that he didn't know, or had forgotten, what was the precise definition of "personal charm." So he caused a notice to be posted in the Meadowbrook Club stating that a handsome prize would be given for the best definition, either in prose or verse, not to exceed two hundred words in length.

"Do you know," writes my "B. G.," "that no less than sixty-nine men and women sent in contributions, and that shows what an influence Peter Marie still exerts in fashionable literary life."

"The judges were Mrs. Thomas H. Barber, Mrs. Duncan Cryder, Mrs. James L. Breeze, with Judge Russell and James Parrish as sort of stop-cocks to the women's enthusiasm."

"All Southampton gathered Tuesday night in Sam Parrish's Art Museum, when the silver-tongued orator Russell read the winning essay, a charming little poem in four verses by Mrs. J. Metcalfe Thomas, daughter-in-law of Dr. T. Gallard Thomas, an intellectual effort that called forth loud applause."

"A special prize for excellence in prose was given to Dr. Holbrook Curtis, the man who does such funny things to opera singers' throats. Honorable mention was given to the Rev. Dr. W. W. Battershall, of Albany; Dr. E. L. Keyes, Mrs. Edward Van Ingen and Mrs. Harry May, while the productions of Mrs. Charley Franchlyn and Dr. Thomas were also read as worthy of note."

"It is said that Mr. Marie himself sent in a long effusion which found a ready place in the waste paper basket."

Done with this famous literary contest and satisfied that the modern Athens is strung along the eastern dunes of Long Island, Southampton now

resumes its less exhausting carnival of luncheons, dinners, golf, sailing and crabbing parties.

It is considered good form for women to crab up their skirts and wade along the inlets with crab nets—only when their forms are good. Otherwise the practice is condemned. Good form is very general in Southampton.

Usually the costume is quite as elaborate as any seen at Newport. After church at St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea, on the dunes, when the Rev. Mr. Battershall or some other visiting clergyman has preached one of those blithe, uplifting sermons in which parsons of the world let their hearers down easy, there is an array of gowns on the beach which my best girl says makes her altogether envious.

And why should there not be, with such smart women about as Mrs. Harry May, Mrs. "Jim" Breeze, Mrs. De Lancey Nicoll, Mrs. A. B. Clafin—"A. B. C." as she is affectionately called; Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. Walter Oakman, Mrs. Albert Jennings, Mrs. Henry Barclay, with her blue eyes and charming grace, which do one's own optics good to see, whether on the beach or leading a minuet at the Meadow Brook Club.

These, with Mrs. Charley Franchlyn and lots more, with plenty of pretty girls thrown in, have got just as lovely French foulard gowns with entre

Mayfair and didn't like the change. After this style of thing the Casino damsels came as a welcome change, for they seemed to be as lively as the law allowed them to be, and they appeared to enjoy it all immensely.

You want to get to "The Rounders" by gradual stages. Taken suddenly, it is something of a shock.

As an climax to a week of mingled sea-sickness and apathy on the ocean, "The Rounders" is a bit of a dose. It is no wonder what one might call the most refined thing on earth. The language of the main comedians is a little delectable and profane, and in the scene representing a star's dressing room you never know what is going to happen next, and are prepared for the worst. At the critical moment they turn out the lights—a most affable and considerate thing to do—and the scene changes, presto, prestissimo. But on the eve of an opening season nobody is going to talk morals. Clergymen are at the shore and the mountains, coining new adjectives and electric methods, and the Casino has it all its own way. And when all is said and done, the only thing you remember about "The Rounders" is that it is a jolly entertainment that rises to any conceivable occasion, and never fails until it has let you out, ready for home and mother.

Miss Phyllis Rankin, who displays yards of bare back, meeting some very black silk tights, is probably designed as a sort of Cleo de Merode. Miss Rankin's abandon is not a very convincing matter, but I should say that it must be very difficult to be so complacent with skirts that stand up like quills upon the fretful porcupine and that simply refuse to be doctored. Miss Rankin wears a demure little air that is quite out of keeping with her lights, and I don't believe that she enjoyed offering her bare shoulders to gentlemen anxious to embrace them. Probably she is too nice for such a part, although I always maintain that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Mabel Gillman, in a role not unlike Edna May's part in "The Belle of New York," gives us the usual Casino picture of innocence amid the round-

ers. Miss Gillman sings pretty songs, in a pretty voice, with pretty manners, and you are expected to revel in the contrast between her air simplicity and the bulging devilry of the pillow, globular ladies who surround her. If you can't revel, then you are in a very bad way indeed, and are hopelessly wrong. In immediate contrast to Miss Gillman is Marie George, a spicy little person with chatty limbs and the face of a Nuremberg doll. I know nothing of Miss George's ancestry, but I should say that she must have been born at the Casino of Casino parents, so thoroughly does she suggest the whims and peculiarities of that house. She contributes the inevitable coon song (coon songs, by-the-by, are getting so intricate that no coon could by any chance ever sing them) and a dance that is charming in its way. I liked the alpaca monomaniac that Miss Sarah McVicker has to offer. You know, I'm a criterion on the subject of alpaca monomaniacs, who always block the paths that lead us to their daughters, and I commend Miss McVicker's conception, although I believe that the part would stand a little more caricature. In fact, too much caricature would be impossible.

The men in Casino productions don't count. Herr Dr. Schenk in the vicinity of Thirty-third street and Broadway is an impertinence. Mr. Seabrooke struggled to make a red make-up and an Irish brogue funny, and captured an irreverent laugh when he spoke of hades—which wasn't his fault. The tactical speciality of Dan Daly was very much the same thing as he used for years. Still, I was delighted to see Dan Daly in the flesh again, after having watched various imitations of his eccentricities on the London stage for the last three months. As for the purple lady with enough figure to stock a corner—well, I don't know her name. I tried hard to find it on the programme, but was unsuccessful. Perhaps it was Cressie Carlyle. If not, I beg that she will consider this unsaid. I like to give honor (also figure) where honor (also figure) is due. The Casino programme is never definite enough to suit me.

ALAN DALE.

ON TOPICS OF MUCH PUBLIC INTEREST.

Our Detractors Are Often Thieves.

Editor of the New York Journal: I hand you under separate cover a copy of the Sunday edition of the Standard-Post, which paper has so often referred to the "unreliable" news of the "Yellow" Journal, and yet it was willing, in the above mentioned edition, to reproduce at least seven pictures, some of which appeared in the Sunday Journal of the 8th inst., and others which appeared during the past week, and no mention is made of the "Yellow" Journal.

It would seem that it would be advisable for the Standard to use its valuable space in some more profitable way than to devote it to "villaging" the Journal, whose pictures and articles it is so ready to reproduce, even by the use of the Standard's own photographers. If some of them are a week old, this method may be satisfactory to those of its subscribers who take no paper but the Post-Standard, but if the paper is to reach the readers of the Journal they will have to make an up-to-date paper of it.

The Post-Standard must not cry fair play in local matters and then depend on the New York (Yellow) Journal to fill up its Sunday edition without giving credit where it belongs, or some of its readers will wake up to the fact that it is not practising what it preaches, which would necessitate its hiring a new preacher, which would add to its already large expense in the publishing of its up-to-date paper.

Give us something fresh and new next Sunday, Mr. Post-Standard; or, if your facilities are not such that you can, then give us a semi-monthly edition and make it a good one.

Binghamton, N. Y. A JOURNAL READER.

Wall Street Lambs Support Trusts.

Editor of the New York Journal: In regard to the formation of trusts, permit me to state briefly one great factor in their rapid production at present—viz., lambs. Spring lambs is the food of the trust promoter. If high tariff is the mother of trusts, as stated by a great trust fiend, the New York Stock Exchange is the father. He is fed by the green nourishing qualities of those creatures innocently surrendering themselves to be devoured.

When the people who have money become sufficiently enlightened and patient enough to keep it and put it into a business they can control and wait for a moderate compensation, or invest in real estate, where it will be safe, or loan it out on bond and mortgage on property, then the promoter and stock manipulator and trust company director will be compelled to earn an honest living by working for the benefit of the people.

Chicago. BARTOW A. ULBRICH.

Letters from the People.

Tammany Crimes from a Roosevelt View.

Editor of the New York Journal: Upon reading Governor Roosevelt's speech at Ocean Grove in the Journal I was thunderstruck at the evidences he cites of the fearful corruption in this city, and also of Tammany Hall's depravity. I think any reasoning citizen must agree with him, especially at the recent horrible and flagrant examples of Tammany's misdoings and attempts to subvert justice. Why does not Tammany (1) punish the canal thieves, (2) punish Mrs. Phyllis Dodge for embezzling, (3) punish Captain Oberlin Carter and smother his bonds, (4) punish and expose tax dodgers like Roosevelt, (5) punish lobbyists at Albany like the promoters of the Astoria gas grab, (6) pass a new gas bill establishing the rate at 75 cents, (7) pass a telephone bill to compel moderate charges, (8) enforce anti-trust laws, (9) enact a rapid transit underground law for this city and see its provisions carried out?

I wish here to refer to the disgraceful and disgusting Tammany crimes connected with the embezzled beef-Alger-Corbin-Armour affair, nor with the Eagan-Shaffer-Alger-Tammany conspiracy, nor the findings of the court of inquiry on General Miles, who has been punished by Mr. McKinley by being removed from command of the army; nor the Tammany-Abrner McKinley contracts, nor many other well-known Tammany schemes. When, in the face of all this, Tammany appoints Tweed's lawyer as Secretary of War, it is the last straw.

AN HONEST NON-PARTISAN OF THE ROOSEVELT TYPE.

Ruskin Colony Defended.

Editor of the New York Journal: In the morning Journal of July 29 appeared an editorial tolling of another co-operative failure and referring to the Socialist colony at Ruskin as the victim in question.

The co-operative colony has not failed; but, on the other hand, is in prime condition to continue its existence indefinitely. It is true some disaffected ones have caused trouble and by their selfish machinations got a receiver appointed and attempted to wreck the organization. In one sense this has been an unfortunate occurrence, leading to financial loss. In another view it has been fortunate, leading to a better rearrangement affecting the stability of our organization and uniting us under a new covenant, which retains the virtues and eliminates the defects of the old organization.

Ruskin, Tenn. A. R. READ.

A Plan of Land Taxation.

Editor of the New York Journal: I have noticed an article in your esteemed paper of to-day on how to prevent wrongful control of land. I thoroughly agree with your correspondent. All land should, without any exception, belong to the Federal Government, subject only to a direct taxation, according to the requirements of the country, the locality and the producing value of the ground. This would prevent and do away with what has been a curse to every other nation—land ownership—and at the same time it would compel the holders of the millions of unproductive acres to either relinquish their claims or turn them into a producing state, or compensate in a small degree by the direct taxation for the loss by the wilful unproductiveness.

It would also do away entirely with the present unjust system of taxation and prevent the escape of those entitled and able to bear it. And the workingman, whose income is seldom sufficient for the bare necessities of life, would be entirely and justly relieved of all taxation.

This may occur, but not until the workingman, individually and collectively, exercises downright common sense in the choice of representatives and then at the voting polls.

JAMES COOPER.  
No. 318 West Thirty-second street, New York.

For Bryan and Whitney.

Editor of the New York Journal: Pardon a few questions.

Who is this man Willett, who is running a man of the name of Van Wyck for President of the United States? Who is the man Van Wyck? Are they war heroes? Did they lead the charge at San Juan, or plan the capture of Cervera? Perhaps they are heroes of Manila, and, on account of Otis's press campaign, the people have not heard of their great service to the country.

Great they surely must be, Major-General, Governor, or whatever he is Willett has decided, it seems, within the last day or so that they don't want W. J. Bryan for President, and are going to vote for Van Wyck. Now, for fear your readers may believe this, I will say that there are several people in the South who want to have the privilege of voting for Bryan the balance of their lives, if necessary, to elect him President.

As for myself, may the next National Democratic ticket be headed:

W. J. BRYAN, of Nebraska, for President.  
W. C. WHITNEY, of New York, for Vice-President.  
Very truly,  
W. T. AVERA.  
Daytona, Fla.